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"What Fools these Mortals be!"

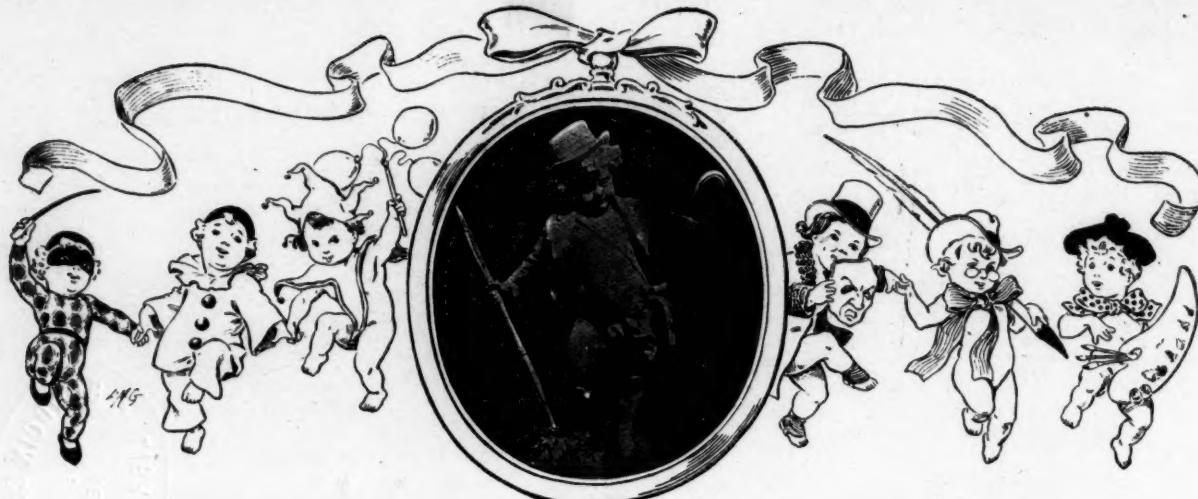
Puck

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"JAMES!"



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

POPLE used to shudder at the thought of electing as President a man so lacking in business judgment and sound principles of finance as W. J. Bryan. But now it is apparent that if Mr. Bryan were to run the government as well as he runs his private affairs the per capita wealth of the country would increase by hops and skips. Not to mention leaps and bounds. To say nothing of rods and furlongs.

THE DISPOSITION of both big parties to fear the Corporation, especially bearing campaign gifts, is a fearful and wonderful novelty. It is a good thing, if genuine, but all the same alarmingly novel, and we can imagine what Mark Hanna would say on the subject, were he alive to say it. With corporation gifts barred, big offerings from individuals prohibited and publicity promised all along the line, times have changed indeed since 1896. And a startling thought right here suggests itself. Inasmuch as in past years vast sums of corporate money contributed before election meant substantial favors in legislation or immunity after election, perhaps the small contributions of the public at large to the campaign funds this year will entitle the same public, the humble, unprivileged public, to a smattering of consideration from law-makers and law-enforcers after the shouting is over. It is a startling thought, and we tremble as we think it.

THE MAYOR of Boston informs the plumbers that theirs "is no longer a trade, it is a profession." Why not go a step farther and say that killing time is a fine art.

THE DECLARATION in a Prohibition convention that "woman is the chief support of the liquor traffic," leads to the suspicion that the person making it was drunk.

PLANK FROM the platform of the Independence League: We demand an honest recount of every ballot cast in the coming election.

WHILE WE are not in sympathy with Standard Oil—*A Baptist Pastor*. "We" are in entire sympathy with Standard lucre. Of course. As the Duke sings in "*Patience*"—

A fact that I counted upon
When I first put this uniform on.

THE CHICAGO Tribune finds the Republican platform "the solemn declaration of an organization upon whose shoulders has rested the political welfare of a mighty people through half the history of the republic." That being the case it is too bad it contains so much flapdoodle and barefaced insincerity. It is too bad it should lack the convincing ring of, say, the Declaration of Independence, or any other declaration by earnest men who say what they mean and mean what they say.

WHAT MR. STOKES may lack as a speaker Mrs. Stokes more than makes up. When she starts speaking nothing can stop her.—*Daily Paper*.

A trait which, while characteristic of Socialist ladies, is by no means confined to them.

PERHAPS THE explanation of why the English are the worst losers that ever played a game is that they "don't know when they're beaten." This is a good quality in war, but it is not pretty in sports.

A GREAT MANY people tried to tell T. R. how to run the Presidency. A great many others are now handing him unsolicited advice about that African hunting trip. A wful waste of words.

HE AWOKE one morning and found himself nominated for the Vice-Presidency.



"WHEN IN THE COURSE OF COMIC EVENTS —"
THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AT CHICAGO THIS WEEK.



THAT FIRST MEAL.
THE NEW ARRIVALS MEET THEIR FELLOW SUMMER-BORDERS.

THE SIMPLE STORY OF LEANDER.

ONCE Leander Smith, at breakfast, said the body politic
Could be ridded of its troubles, and be ridded mighty quick.
If folks but read Carlyle, said he, they soon would understand
How each should do the duty that is nearest to his hand;
Not dissolve in idle pity for a wrong observed afar,
But attack an old injustice that confronts you where you are.

'Twas a little while thereafter that Leander, luckless youth,
Sought to purchase transportation at a Subway ticket-booth;
Twenty-five or thirty people stood before him in the queue,
And Leander waited patiently till all had filtered through.
He had hardly reached the window when with sweet insouciance
Came a lady crowding past him, and he never had a chance.

On his toes she dropped her suit-case, then produced a pocket-book,
Through whose seventeen compartments straight she started in to look.
Thought Leander: "Here's a practice that one every day may see,
Of a very wide diffusion and a great antiquity.
I shall seize this opportunity the nuisance to abate."
(Oh, Leander, why was no one near to warn you of your fate?)

"Madam," said Leander, in a voice polite but stern,
"Do you know of any reason why you shouldn't take your turn?"—
As the earthquake shakes the mountain, as the cyclone bows the grain,
As the lightning rives the oak-tree, as the cloudburst sweeps the plain,
As the typhoon strikes the trader sailing o'er the orient main,—
So the storm broke o'er Leander; and he never smiled again.

G. S. B.

THE WAY IT WORKS.

THE protective tariff has two purposes," said the Republican statesman. "The first is, to shut out the low-priced products of foreign pauper labor, and thus allow our manufacturers to sell their products at higher prices, so that they can pay high wages.

The lawyer never worries when he sees breakers ahead—if they are law-breakers.

"I see," said the intelligent voter; he was *very* intelligent.
"The second object of protection is to encourage competition
in the home market by making manufacturing profitable, with the
result that this competition reduces prices."

"I see," said the intelligent voter.
"In other words," observed the statesman, "protection puts
prices up for the producer, and reduces prices
for the consumer."

"I see," said the intelligent voter,
and straightway enrolled himself as
a member of the Theodore Taft
First Vote League. W. G.

THE TEST.

"IS THE pen really mightier than the sword?"

"Naw," answered the bard addressed. "And it won't be until poets git pensions."

VARIETY.

THE church people of Plunkville are highly elated."

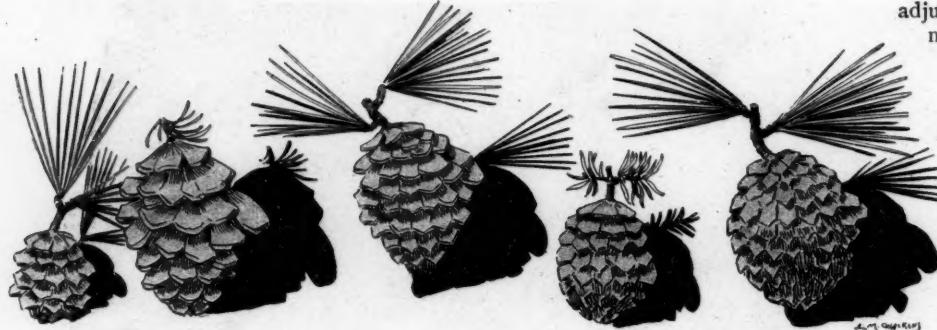
"About what?"
Seems the Agnostics' Club has had a split."



A CRYING NEED.
HORSE-SAVING SADDLE FOR HEAVY-WEIGHT PRESIDENTS.

AND then there is many a man who helps himself to stay poor by his determination to maintain his reputation as a good fellow.

PUCK



PINE COHENS.
Picked up in the Catskill Region.

THE YOUNG SUBURBANITE.



YOU BET, my father just can play
The bully golf—he's rated scratch—;
But when his father comes to stay
Out here to see him win a match,
Grandfather thinks it pretty tame—
He says he never tried the game.

At tennis, too, my father beats
'Most everyone that comes to play,
But Grand-pa says he overheats
His blood, which he'll regret some day.
He urges Dad to wear his hat—
He'd scorn to race around like that.

My father rides his wheel with me,
And wishes he could buy a horse,
But Grand-pa never goes, for he
Thinks he's too old to wheel, of course.
While as for gardening, he says
It's dirty work that never pays.

No single game can I run down
That he has played. My father said
It's 'cause he's always lived in town.
If that is being city-bred,
I hardly can control my joy
That I am not a city boy.

Layton Brewer.

TOUCH TYPEWRITING MADE UNEASY.

WHAT a bargain it was! For only \$2.98 she had purchased a typewriting device,—of a rather old style, to be sure,—but still it was a printing machine with a universal key-board, of the ordinary arrangement of characters.

Being an ambitious and literary inclined young thing, Ethel Eunice Everett had been practicing continuously (10:30 to 10:30—like K. & P.'s) until the man in the room below began to wonder if there were such a thing as a soft-pedal on a typewriting instrument. But Ethel would fain master the touch-system; and even now, to be sure, had she not just completed a laboriously concocted communication to her father in Newark, asking for more funds? Certainly, as a touch-writer, she was starting well. But one fatal evening, during a hundred-yard dash at "the quick brown fox" who always "jumped over the lazy dogs" and while she was just beginning to exceed the speed limit and was passing everything in the room, never thinking of the danger she was in of getting a hot-box on the engine,—just as she was on the last lap and turning a sharp corner with "now is the time for all good men"—there was a sudden miniature crash,—like hearing a wreck through the long-distance telephone,—and behold! her machine had busted a button, broken a slat and stood stock still, trembling from excitement from ribbon to space-bar, and panting for breath. With an impatient, inward remark, Ethel stooped and picked up the fractured type-rib and key-button and, with the aid of a hair-pin, attempted to

The man who would climb the ladder of fame mustn't linger too long on each round of applause.

adjust it back on the main works. But she was nix on the mechanician business, and seeing that nothing could be did with the mean, old, pesky key, she sat her down and after deep deliberation she clattered out the following letter to the dealers who had sold her the apparatus with the spring-halt key:

W44HAWK4N, N4w J4rs4y, }
Jun 4, 1908. }
TH4 \$URAKA TYP4WRIT4R \$XCHANG4,
N4wark, N4w J4rs4y.
G4ntl4m4n:

S4v4ral w44ks ago I purchas4d a typ4wr4t4r from your plac4 for \$2.98. Now, a f4w minut4s ago on4 of th4 k4ys f4ll off, taking with it th4 whol4 typ4 arm conn4ct4d th4r4with. As this is a k4y that I us4 v4ry, v4ry much v4ry tim4 I wr4t4 I wish you would pl4as4 s4nd on4 of your r4pair m4n imm4diat4ly to m4nd it. It is th4 l4tt4r 4, or rath4r, it is a k4y on th4 l4ft sida of th4 board, just n4ar th4 figur4 four which I am forc4d to us4 in its plac4 until you fix it for m4. Pl4as4 don't d4lay, but s4nd r4pair man at onc4.

F44ling sur4 you will appr4ciat4 my pr4dicam4nt, I b4g to r4-main.
V4ry sinc4r4ly,

\$TH4L \$UNIC4 \$V4R4TT.

P. S.—In cas4 you ain't quit4 sur4 which k4y it is I am enclos-ing th4 old k4y button h4r4with.

C. N. Hartt.

BRIGHT COLLEGE YEARS.

SMITH tells me he has been graduated from an automobile school."

"Yes; he feelingly refers to it as *alma motor*."

IT is also noticed that the more business care and responsibility a man is burdened with the bigger he gets to be around the waist.



THE ONLY KIND HE KNEW.

MR. CLUBBER.—Why, Grillrume! For Heaven's sake!! What—!!!

MR. GRILLRUME.—Doctor's orders, me boy. He told me to go on a strict liquid diet.

THE VERANDA SEARCHLIGHT.

MOTHERS RECOMMEND IT. DAUGHTERS HATE IT. IN USE AT ALL SUMMER RESORTS.

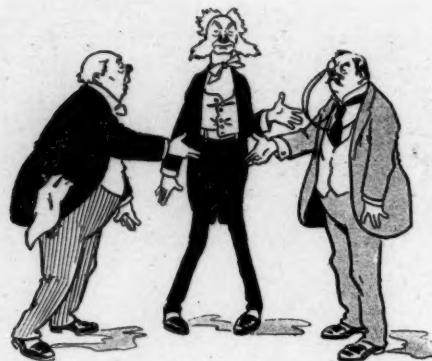


"BESSIE! BESSIE!!



"BESSIE!!! TIME TO COME IN, DEAR. IT'S HALF PAST TEN."

ALL HANDS AROUND. ALSO, BALANCE TO CORNERS.



COLONEL LUSHIER (at the club).—
Missher Jagsby, shake h-hands wish my
frien', Missher Tank.



The first, third and fifth attempts.



The second, fourth and sixth attempts.

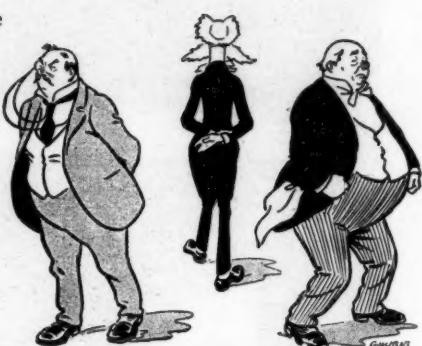
THE INTELLIGENT JURY.

"WELL, no," returned Mr. Jig Pollard, a prominent citizen of the Gobbler Scratch neighborhood, who had percolated into the sanctum of the editor of the Polkville, Arkansas, *Weekly Clarion*, and had been held up by that able scribe at the point of his interrogatory gimlet. "I don't reckon there is much of any news out my way. Things is sorter slow at present. The reg'lar fights, funerals, weddings, shed-meetings, singin'-congresses, and such as that, is going on from time to time, about as common; politics and the race question abound, as you might say, and 'most all the white men are running for office and the niggers running for their lives, both just as usual, but nothing that I think of that really amounts to—

"But, ho, though! Come to think, a gang of friends interspersed themselves into Tut Springer's home, night before last, to spring a birthday surprise party on him, thoughtfully bringing along a talking machine, a feller that 'pears to think it necessary to have a fit every time he goes out in society, a child that elocutes amazingly at the tender age of six, a venerable gentleman who tells amusing stories about the Yankees he killed during the War, another gentle-

man who knows all about the Tariff and nothin' at all about anything else, and no whiskey; and, as poor Tut had a twinge of the rheumatism, and was sorta getting over theague, and had a note coming due the next day, and had just lost his best coon-dog by illness, and had a mother-in law, two sisters-in-law with children, one sister-in-law without children, a lazy brother-in-law and a boyhood friend who had a hare-lip, all visiting him, and was taking seven different kinds of medicine, and such little matters as that, he quietly excused himself in the midst of the festivities and went out and hung himself. The coroner's jury, after viewing the body and the situation, brought in a verdict that he was excusable, and, although, as a rule, the world ain't generally any wiser by a coroner's verdict, it looks as if they hit it dab-square that time. Still, I d'know as this would be what you'd call news, after all. Well, I reckon I'll pole along towards home. Looks right sharply like rain, don't it?"

Tom P. Morgan.



EACH.—'Fe doesn't wanter shake
handsh, needn't.



IN SUMMER SEAS.

THE FISH.—Say, boys, ain't these electric-fans the greatest ever on a hot day?

ON THE TOP FLOOR.

HOW IS IT, sir," the Boss did storm—
His voice it shook the rafter—
"You went for lunch at two o'clock,
And now it's four and after?
How is it that you can't get back
On time, you alligator?"—
"Please, sir," the youth replied, "I took
A local elevator."

William Wallace Whitelock.



FRILL OR FUNDAMENTAL?

IS THE NOISY kiss passing? There be who will point you to literature, where it is undeniable that the silent kiss has cut a wide swath,—or to the findings of science, which seem to say that the sonant smack, far from frightening off germs, rather favors these by distracting attention (publicity is what germs, in common with other malefactors, most fear); and pointing will argue that future generations are going to osculate inaudibly.

Possibly. And still it is to be observed that spirits wholly free, wholly unrestrained by outward exigency, always tear 'em off with sound as well as fury. And who can be sure that they in nowise augment their bliss by calling on their ears to attest its reality? R. B.

Time is money, but we never realize it until we have to pay for some one else's.

PUCK



THE SCALE-CHAIR FOR SUMMER RESORTS.

MISS TEEHEE (*looking at dial opposite*).—Oh, Mr. Gorman, what do you think! You've gained three pounds since soup!

AT THE PRESENT WRITING—



TAFT has a cinch in Virginia,
Bryan has Maine in his vest,
Big Bill concedes Massachusetts—
Not worth the while to contest.

Michigan's loose from her moorings—
Bryan will win in a walk;
Taft has a mortgage on Florida,
Bryan will carry New Yawk.

Taft will get Louisiana,
Bryan will get Illinois,
Taft is the favorite in Georgia,
Bryan Connecticut's choice.

Maryland yearns for the Elephant,
Ioway pines for the Donk,
Taft has set Arkansaw crazy,
Bryan has Oregon drunk.

Bryan will sweep Pennsylvania,
Big Bill has Tennessee daft,
Vermont is on fire for Bryan
And Texas is going to Taft!

B. L. T.

SPACE AND MATTER.

ONE body cannot occupy more than one place at the same time.”
“Huh! Jevver see a fat woman in a street car?”

COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.

ER—ER-R-R—this can't be the place,” stammered the city visitor as he dropped his bags on the platform and hurriedly wiped his glasses. “Here, my good man, is this Carylville and is that magnificent building up there among those trees the ‘Caryl House?’”

“Wal, I guess as how you've got it about right, stranger. What's bitin' you?” answered the native with true country interest.

“Oh, I was sure I had made a mistake,” said the visitor, laughing hysterically, “because those buildings and the scenery

tally exactly with the descriptions and pictures in the Summer Vacationists' Catalogue.”

THE COUNTRY CLUB.

HOW DELIGHTFUL it is to retire from the heat and sweat of city life and spend an afternoon at the Country Club right down close to nature! Here the gentle breezes bring the soft odor of the wild flower, the delicate taint of the mowed hay, and the clear and invigorating air, unpolluted by the smoke and soot of the big metropolis.

What could be more conducive to health and comfort? For sooth, the Country Club is the greatest modern institution for the relief of the tired, fatigued, and brain-fagged business man.

What ideal country life the members lead! Take a look, for instance, at this itemized statement of the average daily receipts at one of these lovely retreats:

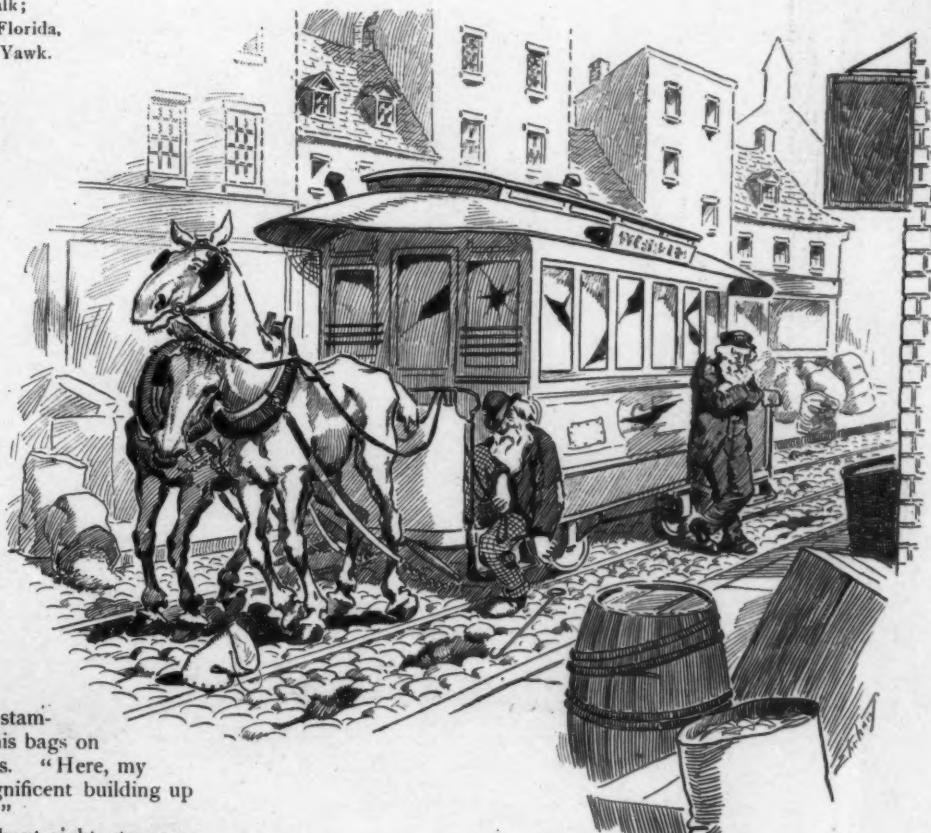
4 club sandwiches	\$ 1.40
3 chicken sandwiches	\$.70
6 cheese sandwiches	\$.90
500 cocktails	\$ 10.00
1,294 highballs	\$ 194.10

John H. McNeely.

SHAMEFUL.

MRS. DE RICHE (*showing her home to Mrs. WINDFALL*).—What do you think of my Venus de Milo?

MRS. WINDFALL.—Ain't it a shame how careless servants are! But couldn't you glue the arms on again?



HOLDING A FRANCHISE.

A SCENE IN BUSY, HUSTLING NEW YORK.

THE MANIA FOR MONOPOLY.



BUSINESS AS IT ONCE WAS.



AS IT IS.

AS IT WILL BE—IF *Something* IS NOT DONE PRETTY SOON.(From *Puck*, October 10, 1883.)

THE PUCK PRESS

TWENTY-FIVE YE-

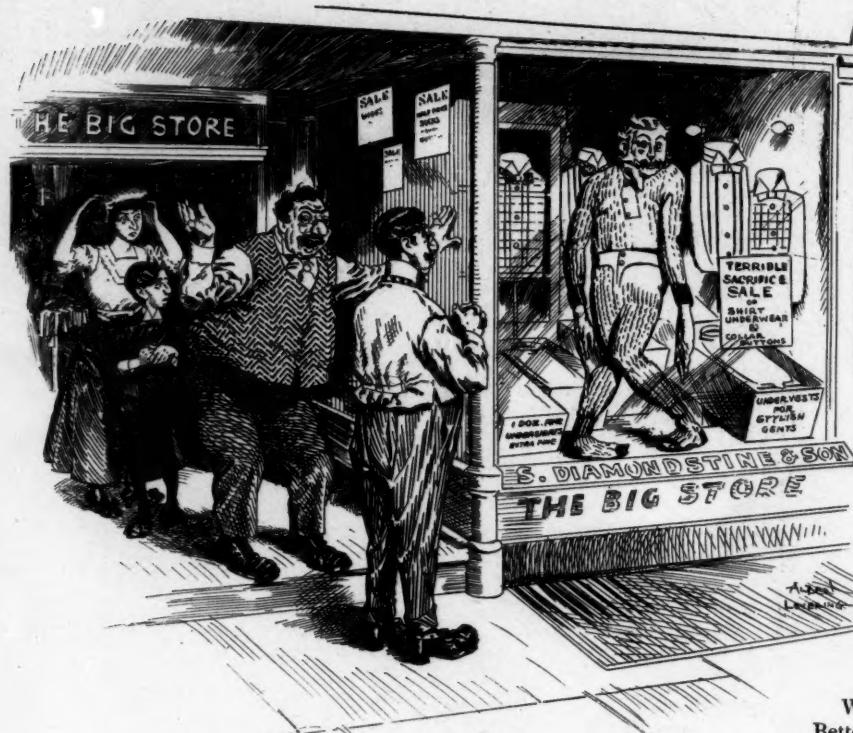
SOMETHING WASN'T



FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER.

SOMETHING WASN'T DONE.

PUCK



CHANGING HIS FLANNELS.

THE SENIOR PARTNER.—Qwick, Morris! Pull him out of der sun und putt a suid of dose open-work knee-lengths on him! Maybe we save him yédt! Ach! dis iss vot comes of displaying dot vinter underwear in Chuly!!

AMERICANITIS.

OW SWEET beneath the mighty forest trees

In calm repose to lie,
And listen while the softly whispering breeze
Blows gently by.

To watch the mountain clouds of filmy white
Float on across the blue,
And gaze on distant hills remotely bright
With verdure new.

At peace with all the varied world I rest,
Untouched by vain regret,
For Nature now hath made me wholly blest,
Serene,—and yet—

I see a motor car go whizzing by,
And on the stillness falls
Its strident honk: no longer calm am I,
For it recalls

The wealth I would were mine, and all the power
That wealth alone can give.
Away with Nature's peaceful idle hour
And let me live! — *Ivy Kellerman.*



THE FREEDOM OF THE FARM.

"I HOPE you don't mind if we tramp over your farm this afternoon and picnic a while in your woods," cheerfully asked the spokesman of a large picnic party as they walked into the gates of the yard.

"Not at all! Not at all!" laughed Uncle Charlie Seaver as he dropped his stockinged feet from the veranda post and shoved up his specks. "Just mosy right along and have a good time. The farm is yours for the day. Take that road near the corn crib and help yourself. Step a little light, though, in goin' through those medders along th' crick, as I have never been able to 'sterminate that

If the wish were father to the thought, the thought would invariably be sunny.

bed of rattlesnakes in thare. But there's only a couple o' dozen of the pesky critters left. I'll get 'em all soon. Better walk around the north pasture where old Joshua is a pawin' and a bellerin' fer he's a powerful bad varmit and when he commands th' sun to run you bet he git. That little ravine back of the woods is a fine place fer a picnic even if Hank Hawkins does say that th' ice-dam at the head o' th' gully is weak and liable to bust any minute. I took some o' th' braces out of the dam yesterday jist to prove Hank is a liar.

"If that buck-sheep over in the orchard gets funny, one o' you grab him by th' horns and kick th' wool off him. He's been a mite too frisky since he nearly killed one o' th' hired men. Don't let the young 'uns get too friendly with those hornet's nests in the berry patch below the grain fields. What! Goin' up th' road a piece?

Why, yes, I reckon Wall Weaver'll let ye in his big woods. Better stay right here, I give ye th' freedom o' th' farm!"

Don. Cameron Shafer.

A SATISFIED CUSTOMER.

"I'D like to look at a fall suit, please."

"Certainly, sir; right this way. Now, this is one of the celebrated Smith suits. Slip your coat off, please. Yes, sir, it fits you fine."

"Do you find that this make generally fits pretty well?"

"Oh yes, sir, invariably. The Smith suits are without doubt the best-fitting suits on the market."

"Well, how about the cloth? Is it all wool, does it hold its color and shape?"

"Yes, sir, the cloth in the Smith brand suits has proven most satisfactory."

"How are the suits made up? Is the tailoring in them good?"

"We have found it most excellent. In all the years that we have handled the line we have never heard of one of the Smith suits ripping, tearing, or losing its shape. Their style is always the latest mode."

"Then all in all you consider the Smith suits the best on the market?"

"I do."

"I am glad to hear you say so. I am the new Smith salesman in this territory. How about your Spring order?"

Donald A. Kahn.

HIS UTILITY.

"UH-WELL, now, Claud," said old Brother Utterback, addressing his callow nephew in an admonitory way, "don't go to mowlin' and lamentin' uh kaze yo's cullud yo' ain't no use in de world. In de great decomposition of de universe de nigger has his utility. What in dé name o' gracious would de jack-legged white politicians have to hoo-rang about if dar wa'n't no nigger question? De worm am created widout feathers and fins so's he won't clutter up de works of de cider mill. Hur-rumph!"



A DEAD BEAT.

PUCK



THE WOES OF A COMMUTER.

HE Suburbs. MR. FORTY-ODD just manages to swing aboard his train as it is pulling out of the station. He moves rather stiffly. Yesterday he took a day off, and by holding his courage in both hands, spent it entirely alone, riding some fifty miles on his bicycle over country completely new to him, although he has lived eight years within the same range of it. He is proud and inclined to exhibit his excellent example to his neighbors. He staggers down the swaying car to the first neighbor he sights and sits beside him.

MR. F.—Beautiful day, yesterday, wasn't it? I—

FIRST NEIGHBOR.—A beautiful day for O. P. Common, I don't think! Didn't you see they knocked four points off it? I thought this administration was too near dead to do any more harm, but I was wrong. I tell you, sir—

MR. F.—But I didn't go into town yesterday—

F. N.—We never had a worse President! Bryan wouldn't have done half his mischief. Just read what the Sun says this morning—

MR. F. (realizing that this is hopeless).—Excuse me, Jones, I want a little smoke. See you later.

(He makes his perilous way to smoker, and drops into a seat beside a second neighbor.)

MR. F.—Morning, Wilson. Wasn't yesterday a beautiful—

MR. WILSON (wrathfully).—Yes; and last night would have been beautiful, too, if the Harran's dog hadn't made it hideous. You heard him, of course?

MR. F. (proudly).—No, sir! I slept too sound. You see, I spent—

MR. W. (contemptuously).—You must have slept sound. That dog barked from ten to half-past one. I called them up four times on the telephone, but they were out. I mean to take it up with the police to-day—

(Mr. F. wearily unfolds his paper and longs for the boat. On the ferry he sees a group of friends and joins them. They are laughing noisily.)

MR. F.—You fellows ought to have been with me yesterday—

FIRST FRIEND.—And then the next hand he came up again, very cocky, and boosted the ante.

CHORUS (laughing).—What, again!

FIRST FRIEND.—He sure did. Well, I went back at him like I'd lost a child, but I had three trays already—



AT THE HOTEL HOP.

SUMMER GIRL.—Auntie, do sit down! Everybody is looking at us. You don't have to chaperone me when I'm dancing.

(Mr. F. turns sadly away and finds he is standing beside the man who lives on the Hill.)

MR. F. (briskly).—I took a day off yesterday and went through some of that country to the north of us. You know, through the gap—

MAN (enthusiastically).—Indeed, I do! I've motored every yard of it. One of the loveliest spots I know of.

MR. F. (expanding).—It is just that. Yet half the people in town haven't been there.

MAN.—What make is your car?

MR. F.—Why—I rode my old wheel.

MAN.—You don't say so! How very interesting. (He studies Mr. F. with amazed curiosity.) Well, well, tell me how it seemed. (But Mr. F. suddenly finds the subject distasteful.) Layton Brewer.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.



HOGAN, THE CONTRACTOR, AND THE MODEL DEN.



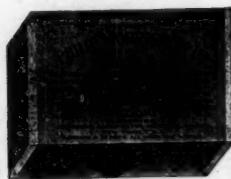
THE MODEL DEN AND HOGAN, THE CONTRACTOR.

No matter how much or how little you smoke you are always sure of ten new smoking joys in every box of

PHILIP MORRIS ORIGINAL LONDON CIGARETTES

CAMBRIDGE
in boxes of ten
25c

AMBASSADOR
the after-dinner size
35c



PEOPLE paid \$40,000 for the privilege of seeing one man whip another at San Francisco. Times are not so hard as to cut off the cultivated public from its pleasures.—*Phila. Ledger.*

Pears'

Pears' Soap leaves the skin smooth, cool and healthy. There's no free alkali in Pears'. Only good soap and pure.

Sold here and abroad.

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

The Hit of the Hour, "Richard's Poor Almanack," beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book, sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Building, N. Y.



HOME INDUSTRY.

RURAL BARBER.—Who cut yer hair las' time, Bill?

FARMER'S BOY.—Maw; but she couldn't find the scissors, an' the sickle was kinder dull.

There is no more popular and healthful breakfast diet than grape fruit after a dash of Abbott's Bitters has been added.

A Club Cocktail



Is A Bottled Delight

WHY go to the inconvenience of preparing your own drinks when a bottle of CLUB COCKTAILS saves all the fuss and trouble. CLUB COCKTAILS are perfect cocktails—always ready for use. Their fine old liquors, measure-mixed, give them a uniformity of flavor no chance-made drink can possibly possess.

7 kinds. At all good dealers. Manhattan (whiskey base) and Martini (gin base) are universal favorites.

G.F. Heublein & Bro.

HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

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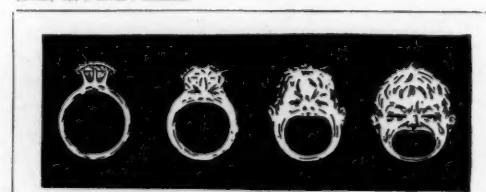


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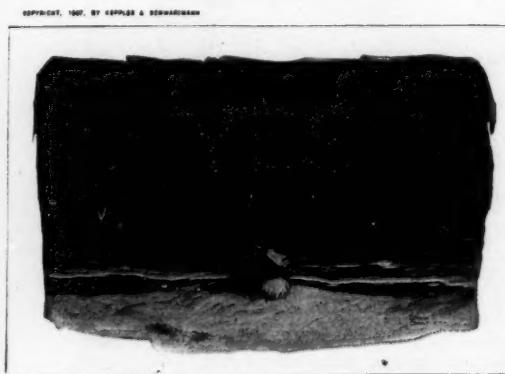


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THE Russian duma has authorized the loan of a hundred millions and the czar is telling men with money what is expected of them. The outlook is that several "tight wads" will bring up in Siberia.—*Detroit Free Press*.

GIRL-LIKE.

PATIENCE.—Those two girls dislike one another, and yet they always kiss when they meet.

PATRICE.—Yes, I suppose each hopes the other will get the microbes.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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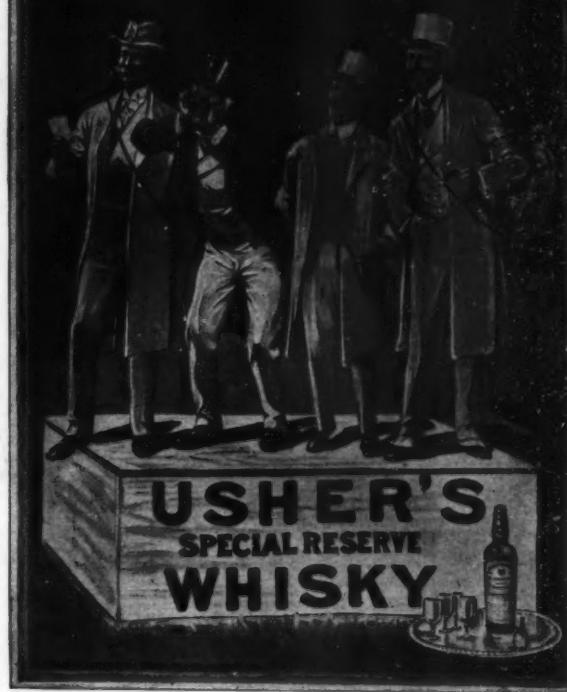
Applying for a divorce an old Georgia negro said to the judge:

"Hit only cost me a string er fish ter git married, jedge, but, please God, I'd give a whale ter git rid er her."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

NO OPEN-MINDED sportsman will fail to agree with the English critic who wrote: "Mr. Gould is not a phenomenal player. He does not and never will stand out at tennis as, for instance, did Dr. W. R. Grace at cricket."

No, indeed! It was observed at the time Mr. Corbett walloped Mr. Mitchell that Mr. Corbett would never stand out as a pugilist as, for instance, does Marie Corelli as a novelist; when Ten Eyck won the Diamond Sculls at Henley in '97 astute English critics promptly discovered that he was not much of a sculler because he notably failed to stand out as a raider as did Dr. Jameson; when Mr. Travis annexed the world's golf championship in England it was quickly remarked that he never could play the game to suit British critics because he notoriously failed to stand out as a Laborite like Keir Hardie, and the America's cup remains in this country as a reproach to Captain Hank Haff for his incorrigible refusal to stand out as a rifle team (as, for instance, that English team defeated by an American the other day).—*The Sun*.

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—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Monsieur D'en Brochette," is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

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The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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MR. BACON.—Now, I want you to act natural when we are in church. MRS. BACON.—Don't be silly! How am I to act natural when I can't talk?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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PAY-AS-YOU-ENTER restaurants wouldn't help any. You'd have to "fix" the cashier instead of the waiter.—*Washington Herald*.

A BAY CITY man choked himself to death on a big piece of beefsteak. Rather an expensive way to commit suicide.—*Washington Herald*.



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"I think I'll buy an airship," he said.

"Must want to visit your castles," she answered.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

ACCORDING to all accounts, the Democratic party lost its chance when it failed to nominate William J. Johnson of Delaware.—*The Evening Post*.

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Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N. P. & S. Bulletin*.

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PARIS has banished ticket speculators, but the managers in this country shrink from a task so great. Besides, the speculators here divide.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE inventor of breakfast foods has passed away, but he lived to a ripe and happy old age. Of course, the breakfast food people will insist "there's a reason."—*Washington Herald*.

A MANCHESTER paper must pay Mr. Croker \$7500 for mentioning him in unkind terms. A similar scale of damages would bankrupt the journals of this country.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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"OUR HUSBAND."

We are sorry to see that there is domestic trouble in Emporia and we are still more sorry to see that that gifted woman, Mrs. Mary McCreary Parkman, editor of the Emporia *Times*, should be forced into the columns of her own newspaper in defense of her political rights and the proper subjection of man.

The trouble arose in this way: Mrs. Parkman is a Democrat and has been twice elected as county superintendent of schools. Mr. Parkman, on the other hand, is a Republican who has been county surveyor and now seeks renomination. It seems to be a rule on the Emporia *Times*, of which Mrs. Parkman is editor, that Republican officials shall be indicated by the office that they hold and not by name, and therefore the long-suffering Parkman always appears in his wife's chaste columns as "the county surveyor." If Parkman himself had no complaint to make, there is no reason why any one else

THE debt of the city of New York is now greater than the entire debt of Germany. Perhaps Emperor William Hohenzollern won't feel so chesty when he learns of that!—*Washington Herald*.

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would deprecate any journalistic additions to the wifely attentions which he now receives "morning, noon, and night." But the lady goes on to explain that even married people have their points of disagreement as well as of agreement. There must be ripples even on the most placid stream, and while there is blissful and ecstatic harmony in the Parkman circle on matters of literature, religion, art, the nebular hypothesis, how to poke the fire, and the facts in the Guinness case, on the one point of politics there is a diversity both wide and hopeless. "We think," says Mrs. Parkman, "that our husband has a good deal of sense—for a mere man—but on politics he doesn't know much. He is a Republican, a mean, black Republican, and as such has no claims on us either as a molder of public opinion, a fellow-citizen, or as a wife."

"We will cook for our husband; we will mend our husband's clothing; we will darn and brush him, and keep him up—as our husband. But as an officeholder of a vile, venal, and corrupt organization, an emissary of Wall Street, and as an oppressor of the poor, our husband has only our unspeakable contempt. He should thank his lucky stars that we do keep his name out of the *Times*.

"We know enough of our husband," says this dauntless wife, "to make his vote in this election little more than scattering. But up to the present we have said nothing. We have believed that our duty as a wife had some claims on our duty as an editor. But a word to the wise should be sufficient, and if our husband has learned a lick of sense from past experiences with us, he will take a grand immortal tumble to himself and call off his dogs. This newspaper is a free and untrammeled organ of special privileges to none and equal rights to all, and if our husband thinks he belongs to the privileged classes he is mighty badly fooled."—*The Argonaut*.

should interfere, but censorious tongues will wag, and so finally this intrepid woman has been forced into an editorial explanation of why she black-lists her husband.

She begins very properly by pointing out that "what we do with our husband is our own business, and it would seem in all fairness that if we put up with this man morning, noon, and night we shouldn't have to be putting him in the paper all the time." Now no one can object to this, and it may be taken for granted that the down-trodden Parkman, if he is still articulate,

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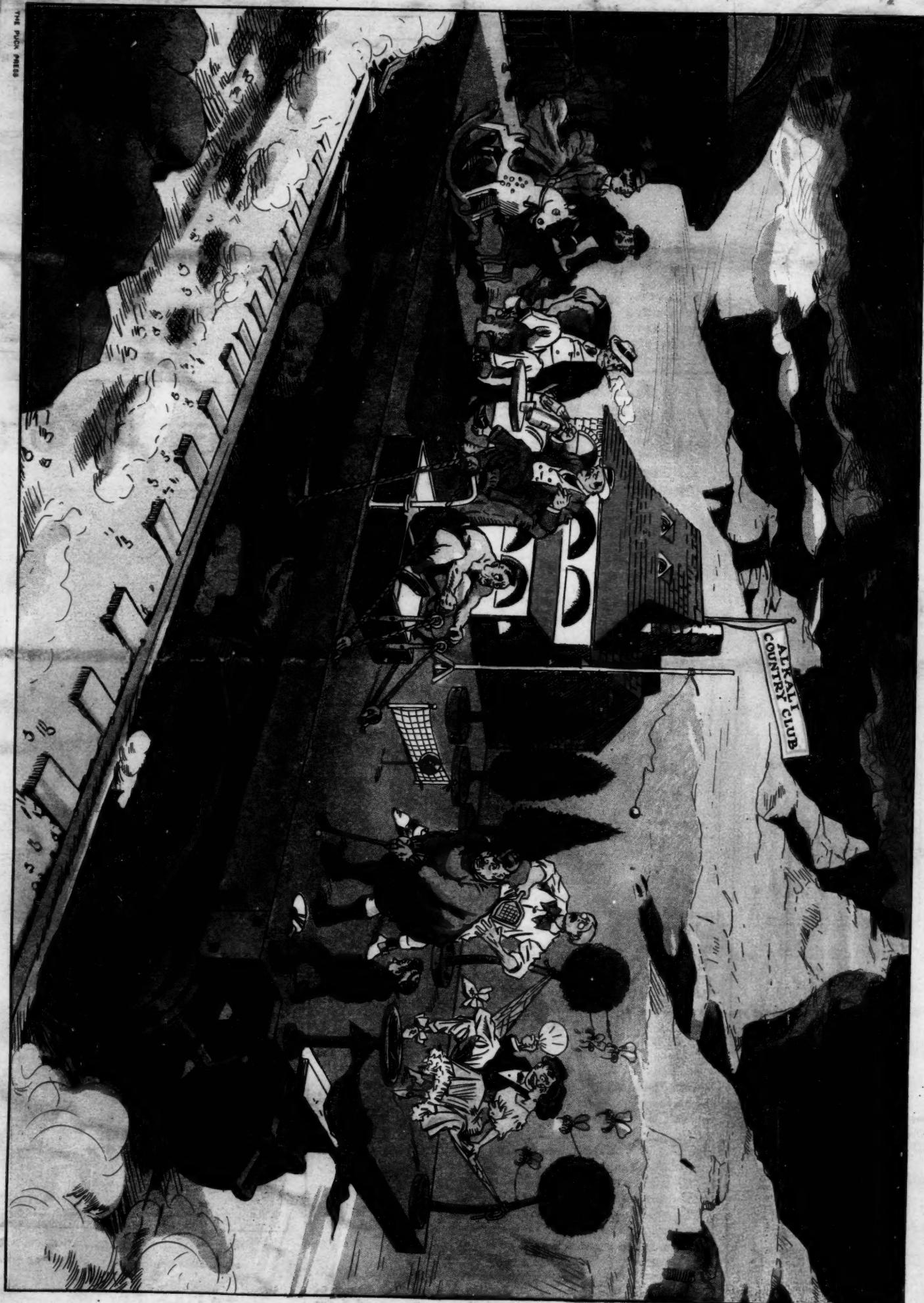


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